

He'd say, "Just stand 'way back and in the bush,
And throw 'way out!" (He'd catch one every throw),
I'd do it just like he had done (I thought)
And catch a tree or rock, or just a "no."

A few of us would fish a day ahead,
Big Elk, Ramona, Meadow, Lost or Long,
And Island, very prettiest of all,
Fishing or not, 'Twas good to be along.



Some forty happy, hungry "Merry Eves"
Would round the bend that second afternoon,
They'd come to love and eat if they could walk,
They loved the crowd, the fish, the mountain moon.

Mary Mahoney came once on a bed,
Expectant mothers counted hours and miles,
Our host and hostess worked with open arms,
Gave each a hug, a happy word and smiles.

We took our kids up nearly every year,
Stayed in the lodge or in a camp near-by,

They'd act like our vacation was their own,
They loved to have us come, I wonder why?

Our Mary swam the width of Tryol Lake,
And kidded by the kids, I tried it back,
I almost didn't reach the cabin shore,
My worried rooters—Mom, the Cleggs and Jack.

When reaching from a double-anchored boat
For volley, a bit beyond my reach,
And little Betty plopped me in the lake,
You should have heard the Cleggs and Mama screech!

Now you've retired and we've retired, too,
And fifty years have seasoned love and thrill,
We've each retired to things that we can do,
God bless you, and I know He will.

Violet and Joe

A TRIBUTE TO BERT AND LEORA ON THEIR CHINA WEDDING ANNIVERSARY JUNE 16, 1950

Well, Lindsays, we've come here to eat
And to lay a bouquet at your feet,
We've been proud to be near
For these twenty, each year,
May this tribute, though humble, be sweet.

As a "shifter" at Park Utah mine,
Bert gave business at Penney's a shine,
He'd buy clothes every day
Then he'd slip up that way
And take up the bookkeeper's time.

Leora's a bookkeeping dream,
Kept Penney's accounts on the beam,
And the hospital, too
Got some service from you,
Do you still know bad debts from the cream?

The courtship gained warmth from the hearth

Ren and Thelma would go to their birth
And so, night after night
Lovers—soft firelight—
Then, at last, he got right down to earth.

We've sure enjoyed Bert at our house,
He'd eat steak, bread and milk, or just browse,
We've chased death on the road,
Beat the stork, and each load
He'd lift most, and he'd not hurt a mouse.

A housekeeper "rotten" is Lee
With trash right up to the knee
With black grease on the stove,
Dust in corner and cove,
Just go take a look and you'll see.

When Bert sets his face for a tale,
Your humor comes right out of jail.
Does his memory fade?
On our test in first aid
His hundred made my score look pale.

Bert, as shifter and sheriff was good,
As a postman he did all he could,
He helped me with the dead
And I always have said
That my patients he sure understood.

Their Stanley is quite a young man,
He rustles a job if he can,
Now he's selling the Wave
And they say he is brave,
A real boy, and a basketball fan.

Dick's an answer to some maiden's prayer,
I can't see how that beauty got there,
I know Bert and Lee
Are as straight as can be,
But the stock's now improved, that I'll swear.
Grandma Sulser loved Bert as a son,

Through his father's long illness he won
Our love and regard,
Willard too thanked the Lord
For his brother who makes service fun.

Women tell me Leora's so kind
To those who are ill or confined,
And her needle is smart,
And she sews with her heart
Perfect stitches, choice gifts, friendship-lined.

Well, Lindsays, your first twenty years
Have brought you much love and some tears,
May God bless the next score
And your life ever more
With more love and more smiles and less fears.

**A TRIBUTE TO RALPH AND MINA
ON THEIR CHINA WEDDING DAY
DECEMBER 4, 1949**

Dear Patriarch and Sister Giles

Perfection makes you hard to pun,
You're just so good, without a fault,
You've got me stumped, but I'll try one.

Now Elder Giles I first recall
When he came home from Western States,
They called him "mission clerk" with some
"Valet of Sister Knight," he rates.

A red head soon got after him,
Poor fellow didn't have a chance,
Pay at the Merc. was rather thin
To pay the fiddler and the dance.

In your first year you got Eileen,
It took four more to get a boy,
And Karen, just about the same,
Then Gwen took five, they all brought joy.

Ralph Frederick, Mayor of the Town,

To sit in council I was proud,
You saved the cash those World War years
New streets and buildings this allowed.

As Bishop Giles you gained much love,
The Saints felt near and understood,
A speaker choice, a counselor wise,
You even did the sinners good.

Now, Patriarch, Evangelist,
With gift of blessing from above,
Inspiring us to follow you
In prayer and faith and Gospel love.

Ralph, brother, close friend of the club,
Best eater of the whole darn bunch,
You eat a breakfast and a meal
While Joe Witt brags about a lunch.

Dear Mina, for a red head girl
You have a nature too serene,
A Titian should be mean and hot,
But you are sweet and mild and clean.

Now, "One fault Mina's" only fault
Is not her bragging of Ralph's love;
Tub-peeping on Joe Witt's not it,
Nor being late, why heavens above

Ten minutes fast she sets the clock,
And then she doesn't have to rush,
Her reservoir's right by her eyes,
But, that's not it, that fault they hush!

When fishing on a mountain trip
Mosquitoes, flies and saddle sores
Don't bother Ralph, he tends our wives,
And eats and rests and sleeps and snores.

Tonight we're proud to honor you
Now you've been wed these twenty years,

You hardly look the worse for wear,
I'm sure you've had more smiles than tears.

You're true to family, church and state,
Ambitious, honest, thrifty too,
We don't want you to try to change,
But just go right on being you.

SAMMIE CLYDE'S WEDDING
JANUARY 5, 1945

When I first recall you, Sammie,
You were busy in your bath,
Ah! What lovely curves and dimples,
What a happy smile and laugh.
And no modesty, how shocking!
No reserve, or any fear,
You were old, and should know better,
Why, you must have been a year.

Through your childhood years we knew you,
Knew your good and knew your bad,
Saw your spunk and saw your sweetness,
Saw you rough-house with your Dad.
"Little Irish" he called you
As you'd scuffle on the floor
'Til we thought he'd surely kill you,
But you always asked for more.

We had fish fries with your parents
And we ate elk dinners, too,
Went on heaps of bonfire parties,
On "rook" parties, sleigh rides, too.
As we came and went we saw you,
You were growing all the while
And the thing I most remember
Is your charming, winning smile.

Once you lost a baby brother
And your home was filled with tears,
And you cried and kissed your mother,
But smiled bravely for your years.

Once I married your big sister,
While the crowd called her "a dream!"
You took me out in the kitchen
And you stuffed me with ice cream.

I have never met you, Sammie,
When you haven't done me good,
On the street or out to high school
You would greet me if you could.
Down to Add's, or at the cleaners,
At the "Y" or in the dance,
You were sociable and gracious
Every time you had a chance.

Sammie, you've a darling mother,
She's been tried and she's been true,
Her sweet faith's an inspiration
To you kids and to us too.
We are pleased with Brother Breinholt
And his welcome in your clan,
And we pray that he'll make Lula
All the happiness he can.

You'll move over Timpanogos
Where you'll make your future life;
I lived there 'til I learned better,
Sam, you'll make a lovely wife.
Lovely wife and sweeter mother,
Charm him with that winning smile,
Feed him plenty, keep his clothes clean
Give him love, but food the while.

Now this Paul, was his name Bunyan?
(You may think so after while)
Feed him, mend him, love and kiss him,
Give him, most of all that smile.
When I beat my wife she cures me
With a cream or cherry pie,
If he flirts, try custard pudding,
If he's cross, give cake a try.

Make your marriage one for children,
Make your home with faith secure,
Plan to make this union endless,
Yes, eternally endure.
Don't let jealousy between you,
Keep out strife, suspicion too,
Each give more and take but little,
Keep your vows, be ever true.

When they're sick try mustard plasters,
Iodine or castor oil,
But, use God's way and the elders,
Teach them faith as well as toil.
Teach them family life is perfect
Only on the Gospel plan
"Give and ye receive," said Jesus,
Blessings on you and your man.

TOAST TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM PHYLLIS ALLEN'S WEDDING

Phyllis, born in the Depression
When most men were out of work,
But your dad was always busy,
Work or not, he'd never shirk.

A few brief days they tried relief,
Then promptly turned it down,
I still don't know just how they lived,
The proudest folks in town.

Talk about your independence!
How they lived I'll never know,
You kids were well-dressed and nurtured,
Family always on the go.

Just when things were getting better
Orson had his accident;
"Death or worse" pronounced the surgeons,
We all feared him Heaven-bent,

Then, the miracle was given,
I still see that happy home,

And that growing little red head,
Growing from the hardships known.

When the Dahlman home was paid for,
Then the farm, then the new home,
You loved every room and acre
With a love that few have known.

With a sweet love born of heartaches
Guided on by faith and love
So no bitterness could enter,
Only sweetness from Above.

Splendid student, good in music
Faithful to the Church's call,
Filled a mission to New England,
Gave to it your all and all.

Back, enthused you went to college,
Breathing faith and feeling truth,
In your words and in your actions
You exemplified our youth.

Wanderlust disturbed your studies,
Whispered of "Wayne Wonderland,"
Couldn't wait to finish college
Couldn't think or understand.

If you'd had a mighty "sheepskin"
You'd have spurned the offer low,
But your need of cash, and romance
Made you sign and say you'd go.

So you prayed and went to Bicknell,
Found a bachelor down there,
Thinking mostly of his cattle
'Til you trapped him in his lair.

Just like Violet came from Sweden,
'Round the world to get her man,'
Swedes and Redheads rule unchallenged,
Church or State or Family Clan.

Rube, I didn't call her "angel,"
Scripture on that subject's rare,
But from what I've read I'm certain
There's none mentioned with red hair.

Swedes and redheads pattern closely,
Travel far to get their man,
Rube, be firm and tough, like I am!
Tell her what she can't and can.

Reuben, maybe I am tardy
But great trouble you now seek,
For you shouldn't wed a redhead
When your middle name is "Meek."

Girls at Carbon, Snow and high school
Couldn't even get a glance,
At the "Y" and U. of Utah
Not a co-ed had a chance.

You just stuck right with your major,
Phys. Ed. fits you so they say,
You achieved, then back to Bicknell
To the cows and farm to stay.

Black and white girls in Alaska
Made you turn your head and yawn,
But, this fair one from our city
Right now had you coming on.

Then, I hear you met disturbance;
Elwood's took a teacher in,
Soon that teacher and that bachelor
Were the worry of their kin.

Mom and Dad came from the city,
Dick came up from Bicknell, too,
Dora Dean's are here from Carbon,
Elwood must feel bad for you.

Just to show that he is bashful,
In the alter room today